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OUR DUMB ANIMALS



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"NO CHILD WITHOUT A CHRISTMAS" (See page 183)

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The Massachusetts Society
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

The American Humane Education Society

The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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Old as the Christmas Greeting is, it is always welcome, even though sorrow and tears may come with happier memories. So to all our readers we say a Merry Christmas, with the hope that at least the spirit of the day may bring more of sunshine than of shadow.

What would Richard Martin have thought had he known that in the year 1937, in his annual address, the president of the British Association for the Advancement of Science made special reference to the progress that had been made in "animal welfare." In spite of wars and rumor of war, in some directions the world still moves forward.

From *National Nature News* we take the following: There are only three snakes that are really dangerous for us here in this country, the rattler, the copperhead, and the cotton-mouthed moccasin; and of the many hawks, the two chiefly to be watched are the Cooper and the sharp-shinned hawk. The other species are beneficial and yet thousands of them have been killed.

A parade of children and adults was held during Be Kind to Animals Day in the Virgin Islands. Back of this humane movement is a lover of animals, a lady 80 years old, who had been seeking to awaken interest in animals in the Islands. Hearing of her, one of our members sent her some of our literature and this was distributed at the parade. Who will ever know the kindly souls, often far away from the world's notice, who have been spending time and energy for the welfare of those who cannot speak for themselves?

Remember that Be Kind to Animals Week will be celebrated throughout the nation, April 25—30, 1938, and will be preceded by the annual observance of Humane Sunday, April 24.

The Fourth Wise Man

KADRA MAYSIS

*At the date palm grove by the desert well
They had camped when the eastern darkness fell:
Melchior, Caspar, Balthazar.
They were lords of the East who sought the Star.
They were three great kings on a mission met;
But the fourth, and the greatest, came not yet.*

*All night, from the sand ridge, watched a man,
Hawk-eyed, for the royal caravan.
But the desert paled from dusk to dawn
As the groaning camels rose at dawn.
Balthazar, Caspar, Melchior,
Went on, with the day, toward the Star.*

*They had watched in vain for the caravan
Of the greatest mage and the fourth wise man;
But he never came. He was not with them
On the night by the Crib in Bethlehem.
Yet the Savior, knowing all things, knew
That the absent prince to his tryst was true:*

*That the noblest king had turned aside,
In mercy's name, from his wealth and pride,
When he saw the fate of tortured beast
And toiling man in the pagan East.
He had left his throne and his magian law
To work for the Christ he never saw.*

An English Bishop recently dedicated altar rails to the memory of one who had been master of staghounds in that section of the country for seventeen years. One wonders what the unfortunate stags chased and killed would have thought of the dedication ceremony.

The Falling Leaves

HERE is something akin to pity for them as one watches the falling of the leaves through the autumn days. How we welcomed them when they came with the early spring so fresh and green and young. All summer long they clung to the tree that gave them birth and then one by one, though growing more beautiful with the changing season, grew weaker and weaker, till they lost their hold upon the branch to which they had so bravely clung through rain and storm and fell to the ground. How much we owe them! Read the following from *National Nature News*:

Millions of leaves fluttering to the ground convey to us the message that their work for the tree from which they are departing is finished. All summer long the leaves have soaked in the sun's vital rays, sent this life-giving vitality to the roots, that in turn sent food to every part of the tree. The leaves have helped free the air from much of the carbon dioxide, the poison generated by decaying matter and given off in the breath of man and animals. They have also given millions of gallons of moisture to the air. They have formed a canopy under which man and beast have found shelter from sun and rain and have made a hiding place for birds and their nests.

The beautiful lines of Archer Milton Huntington fittingly follow the above:
*Here floats a twisting leaf to the ground,
A twisting leaf to the earth;
It has played in the wind, it has wept in*

*the rain,
It has glistened with dawn to the low refrain
Of the waking things,
Of the myriad wings
That sing not of death or pain.
Here floats a trembling leaf to the ground—
A shivering leaf to the earth.*

Why Do We Slay?

ELLA C. FORBES

*Why do we slay the timid and the helpless;
The little fellows of the forest floor?
With every silky fur that reaches market
A mounting debt is laid against our door.*

*Oh, man, shall we not pause to think it
over?
Where is the freedom we, as man, should
give?
Their right to life and pleasure in the wood-
lands;
Shall we not stow our guns, and let them
live?*

*In piteous appeal the soft eyes darken;
We do not heed; the profit makes us blind.
The lure of gold incites us to the killing,
And so we slaughter all that we can find.*

*Why do we slay, till these, our younger
brothers,
Are filled with terror at our passing by,
And the green lanes stand witness to the
evil;
The frenzied struggle and the tortured
cry.*

*So down the years of Fashion's heartless
ruling,
The ruthless sacrifice which man has
willed,
God hear the little voices of the forest,
God heed the little bodies that are stilled.*

Fox Hunt

MAY ALL READ BAKER

*He races over the tangled grass,
Where the hazel shrubs grow thick;
And behind, the foe,
Men and steeds, I know,
With hounds that are keen and quick.*

*And on, and on, while his laboring breath
Comes fast, and hard and shrill,
For the lead hounds bay,
As he seeks his way
To his den in a rock-strewn hill.
His tongue lolls out; and his eyes are
dim;
With his lungs near bursting now;
But he gains the crest
Of the hill, sore pressed,
He's struggling over the brow!*

*He scrambles over! A frantic leap—
And he wins to his rocky den!
I laugh aloud
At the luckless crowd.
Brave fox! You have won again.*

Read Jack London's "Michael Brother of Jerry," mailed, post free, to any address upon receipt of price, 75 cents. The Jack London Club is built on it. The present membership is 790,684 all pledged to do everything possible to stop the cruelty attendant upon trick animal stage performances. Will you join it? No dues. Write for full information to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Open Hunting Season

HERE are two men, whom for convenience, we will call the Owner and the Gunner.

The Owner owns an estate of many acres, on which he pays heavy taxes and other necessary expenses. In order to protect the wild life on his estate, which he highly values, both on account of its economic and aesthetic value, he goes to considerable extra expense each year to post his land in order to keep out the trespassing hunters.

Some fine morning, early in October, he is awakened by a fusillade of shots, and then he remembers that the open hunting season is here once more. His favorite dog, who is afraid of gun shots, slinks into the house, the house cat takes refuge behind the kitchen stove. The wife and children hardly dare to venture out of doors, for fear they may catch some of the stray shots.

The Gunner also awakens early on the first day of the open hunting season. He doesn't own any land, but you might think from his looks and actions that he owned the earth. So at break of day he shoulders his gun and starts off. He comes to the Owner's possessions, where he finds his progress stopped by a stone wall, so he pushes over a gap in the wall and gives the owner's cattle a chance to get into the road, and become a target for some "hit and run" driver.

He sees an animal moving among the thick bushes and catches sight of its reddish brown hair, thinks it may be a fox and fires at it, and a collie dog runs yelping out of the bushes, who had received a few buck shot in his side. He sees a bird with a long bill picking round on the ground and thinks it may be a woodcock, though he has never seen one of those rare birds. Fires at it and by chance kills a flicker. And so it goes "through all the livelong day" and "now the day is over, night is drawing nigh" as our hero plods his homeward way, thinking over the thrilling events of his day of recreation. He has "in the bag" one gray squirrel, one chipmunk, one flicker. Just how many wounded birds and animals he has left along his war path, he doesn't know.

Now if you will multiply this public pest that I have described by 6,000,000 or 7,000,-

000, the number of hunting licenses granted each year in this country, and many of the holders of those licenses kill vastly more than this gunner, you will get a little idea of what a public nuisance the open hunting season has become.

Well, what can we do about it? some one asks. There are several things that we can do to reduce the nuisance, even if we can't yet exterminate it altogether. We can have an open hunting season of three or four days, instead of three or four weeks, as we now have in many cases, and in many places. That would be a great help in reducing the period of the bombardment, and then put the cost of hunting licenses and firearms and ammunition up so high that no one will want to pay the price.

Applicants for a license to drive an automobile are subjected to an examination to test their fitness. Let the applicant for a hunting license be tested as to his ability to handle firearms safely.

Best of all would be to abolish that relic of barbarism, the open hunting season, for good and all. If we expect to have any wild life left in this country we must do something and do it right away, before it is all exterminated.

So let us all get together, bird clubs, Audubon Societies, societies for the prevention of cruelty to birds and animals, conservation organizations of all kinds, bird and animal lovers, nature lovers, and put through some legislation which will very materially reduce, even if it doesn't entirely eliminate, that dangerous nuisance, the annual open hunting season.

ONE OF THE VICTIMS

*The tick of time is out of rhyme
Where wild things wait for death,
Watching the stars through iron bars
And breathing each other's breath.
But little man with his civic plan
To conquer and subdue
Acquires a thrill from the broken will
Of beasts in a city zoo.*

LARIMORE

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.



A FAMILY OF MOOSE ON THE RANCH OF MRS. K. C. ALLEN, WYOMING. SHE PROVIDES FOOD FOR THE WILD ANIMALS DURING THE WINTER MONTHS

Harmless Hunting

CLARENCE MANSFIELD LINDSAY

*In the woods in winter,
When deep lies the snow
In the forest aisles, and
Brooks no longer flow;*

*Then I do my hunting,
But not with a gun!
No; I follow signs which
Show which way has run*

*Hardy forest dwellers,
Wandering through the wood,
Making tell-tale tracks while
Seeking for their food!*

*Here has raced a weasel!
Here a rabbit sped!
Here the tiny deer-mouse
Skipped with noiseless tread!*

*Here some sly opossum
Left a curious trail!
Here the woodchuck foraged!
Yonder brushed a quail!*

*Really, there's more profit,
And a lot more fun,
Puzzling out these signs than
Stalking with a gun.*

The Little Sparrow

L. D. CHAPMAN

ONE cold winter morning, when the temperature was hovering close to zero, and the snow was blowing until it was impossible to see more than a few yards, I was sitting by a roaring fire, thanking my lucky star that I was not obliged to go out.

Suddenly I heard a faint tapping on the window. Glancing towards it, I saw a couple of little sparrows sitting on the window-sill. One of them was pecking on the glass as though to say, "Let us come in where it is warm." Going to the window, I raised it a few inches. The birds showed little fear, continuing to hop around on the window-sill and seeming to enjoy the warmth from the room, as much as I did.

Thinking the little birds might be hungry, as everything outside was covered with snow, I got a slice of bread and placed it on the window-sill. When I approached the window, the birds hopped away a short distance but soon returned when I went back to my chair. The way those little birds started in on that slice of bread was a cheering sight on a stormy day. Soon more birds came until there were more than a dozen of them hopping about on the window-sill, picking at the bread.

When the birds had eaten their fill, they flew away to the shed where they lived. Late in the afternoon, however, they were back again, tapping for admittance to the warmth and food. From then on, during the rest of the cold stormy weather, it was a regular occurrence twice a day for the little birds to come to the window, where there was always some food for them.

Although sparrows are classed as pests, they are a cheering sight on a cold stormy day, when nearly all other birds have gone to a warmer clime. Their happy chirping will more than repay for what little food they eat.

Coaxing Wild Animals to Pose

ADA M. MORGAN

MORE and more modern hunters are shooting with cameras instead of guns. They are discovering that there are more thrills and adventures in capturing and recording animals on film than there are in destroying them. They are finding it is something to be proud of when some elusive creature of the wild is cunningly stalked so well that its likeness and habits are forever recorded.

With a camera instead of gun your quarry must still be outwitted or patiently waited for. Like the gun-hunter, the camera-hunter sometimes is disappointed in not being able to find exactly what he wishes. Hardly, however, is his time wasted, for this type of hunter has eyes that search and find the many unobtrusive beauties of the woodlands.

For the camera-hunter who wants pictures of wild animals, there is one important place to which he is sure to find many different animals coming at times. That is a "salt lick." These salt licks are natural wet, salty places that are found throughout most of North America. To these places come deer, caribou, elk, moose, mountain sheep and goats, wild horses and cattle, rabbits, porcupines and other animals that live in that part of the country.

Such places are ideal "hunting grounds" for wild-life photos. Anyone with a little knowledge, lots of patience, and persistency, will learn much from watching there.

If natural licks are lacking you can make your own by putting rock-salt on the ground, between stones, or in holes bored in logs. Be very careful, however, whom you let know about these study spots of yours, for the acute sense of smell of animals soon helps them to locate the artificial licks and it would be wanton destruction for anybody to hunt there with a gun. Nearly every living animal likes salt, and it would be very cruel to coax them to their deaths by catering to their natural appetite.

Most animals come to the licks at night, but by alertness and patience some fine daylight pictures may be taken. In early morning or evening is a good time.

Deer can be taken by daylight if a blind is built with a string running to the camera, set some distance away. I have taken several that way, simply by watching and observing the habits of the deer that visit the licks, then focusing my camera where they usually come. A sharp whistle, when the deer is in the right place, will cause it to stop and look. That is the time to snap quickly.

Good food bait for deer is freshly cut bushes saturated with salt water, or cabbage leaves, potato peelings or turnips, especi-

ally when sprinkled with salt.

Muskrats can be coaxed out in the evening by their love for carrots and celery. Put the food bait on a log near the water and their keen noses will quickly lead them to it.



BUCK IN THE VELVET, SHOT--WITH A CAMERA

Porcupines have a keen appetite for almost anything saturated with salt. Squirrels like nuts and corn, and mice or rats like cheese sandwiches.

Toads are easily coaxed into the open at night if a bright light is turned on. They come to eat the insects that are attracted by the light.

Fish, even, can be photographed in very clear water if the surface is shaded from direct sunlight, and when the bottom of the pool is light colored. This is more difficult, however, and takes a great deal of searching and patience.

Although more subjects will be found in the country, it is not necessary to live there to get photos of many interesting small animals. Some of the most absorbing hours of my nature studying were spent by a fish pond in my back-yard on the edge of a city.

There I saw dozens of birds, snakes, squirrels, quail, and even a turtle. All came to drink, but they came so quietly, so softly, that no one would have suspected they were near unless on the watch for them. For months they came to visit my

pond and my patience was rewarded in having them soon lose their sharp, natural fear of me. If I made no sharp sudden moves I could sit quite near them while they drank; their watchful, alert, bright eyes on me, the only sign that they were ready to flee at the first intimation that I was dangerous. The sharp click of my camera, even, soon lost its terror for them.

So if you can't get to the woods, many wild-life photos can be taken the same way, if you have patience. If you are able to explore the woods, many new and wonderful sights are in store for you if you are a camera-hunter.

Homing Instinct

LUCILE PRESCOTT

*Through pastures strange I rode my horse
For wandering sheep, at night;
A rabbit leaped across the path
And my poor steed took fright.*

*He threw me off, and bolted for
The timber far away,
I made a fruitless search for him
Until the break of day.*

*Then wandering homeward through the
dawn,
Footsore from many a shard,
In glad surprise I found my horse
Right in the stable yard!*

Sagacity of Arab Horse

A. GRACE GRAY

Sir John Lawrence, viceroy of India in 1864, was fond of relating the following story about his Arab horse, "Chanda." He was galloping home across country late one night through the intense blackness of the Indian night, when suddenly Chanda came to a dead stop, nearly tossing his rider over his head. All Lawrence's attempts to spurr him on were of no avail; Chanda refused to move. Finally, after backing up some distance and taking a wide circuit, he was persuaded to continue in the former direction.

Lawrence was considerably puzzled by this unusual behavior on the part of Chanda, and the next day he managed to make his way back to the scene of the incident. To his horror he found that he had ridden at full gallop right up to a large, open underground tank or cistern. In India, where water is scarce, these tanks are not uncommon. This particular one was about thirty feet deep and one step more would have meant certain death for both horse and rider.

Lawrence never forgot his miraculous deliverance. Often afterwards, in pointing out the best qualities of a horse, he would remark upon the full, round, prominent eye which, able to perceive objects invisible to man, had caught sight of the yawning chasm immediately below him in the darkness of that memorable night. One day, as he was visiting in the studio of an artist friend, he paused to admire a splendid painting of a horse's head. "It was an eye like that," he exclaimed, "which saved my life."

"Calamity Jane"

JUDY VAN DER VEER

WE were sitting on the Andrews' lawn and the dogs were playing with the little boy, Jimmie. I felt a dog come in back of me and nose my neck, and I reached around absent-mindedly to pet him as I talked. My fingers felt something that didn't seem like a dog, and I turned around. There was a colt, so tiny one could almost put her in a pocket. She looked down at me with impish eyes, and lipped my outstretched hand. Then she kicked up a pair of miniature heels and cavorted off, racing with the dogs as if she were a dog, too. Jimmie joined the race, and soon the colt and the boy were tumbling on the grass like two puppies.

Jimmie's father laughed. "That's 'Calamity Jane,'" he said, and told us the colt's story. She was named Calamity because early in life she had known tragedy. Her mother was an Indian pony and when the colt was still very wobbly she got separated from her mother when horses were rounded up on the Reservation. The mother headed off across the hills with a wild band and because Calamity couldn't keep up she was thrown in with the herd of captured ponies. When the riders were ready to start home they waited around, thinking that the mother would return for her colt. Evidently she was too frightened, for she didn't come back. The men didn't want to go away and leave such a young colt alone, so Jimmie's father brought her home.

From then on the Andrews family was busy. The colt became a bottle baby, cow's milk with sugar in it was fed to her every two hours. Jimmie and his mother and dad worked in shifts feeding Calamity; they even had to get up in the night to feed her. Colts are in the habit of nursing often, and not drinking too much at a time. In order for Calamity to live and grow she must be on a schedule as much as possible like the one Mother Nature plans for colts.

Calamity soon forgot her mother, but I often think how the poor little wild mare must have hunted for her foal and called for her across the hills. Calamity made herself at home, she regarded the Andrews family as her parents, and she whinnied shrilly when feeding time came around. They said she grew to be like an alarm clock.

She was allowed her freedom around the ranch and it was her delight to come in the house with the dogs, every time the door was open. She was as much at home in the house as she was in a barn; in fact, too much. For early one morning she got the back door open and walked in to explore the kitchen. Somehow, somehow, she got the ice-box open and enjoyed a delightful time until she awakened the family and was (literally) thrown out. Before she was discovered she had scrambled the breakfast eggs all over the floor, she had picked out the tomatoes, one by one, and squeezed them to pulp before they joined the eggs. She ate a head of lettuce and was delighted with a chocolate bar that was the property of young Jimmie. When she tired of the icebox (perhaps her little nose got too cold) she sampled the kitchen curtains. They were pretty good, so she tore them all down.



"CALAMITY JANE" WITH JIMMIE

Mrs. Andrews was worried because ahead of her was the job of cleaning the kitchen, Jimmie felt badly because his candy was gone, but Mr. Andrews was frightened for fear Calamity would have indigestion. She didn't.

Now Calamity is nearly half a year old and she is turning into a roan pony, very pretty. She has beautiful trim legs and a lovely little head, and she is everyone's friend. Mr. Andrews says she will never be "bigger than a minute" and she won't be worth five cents, but he wouldn't take five hundred dollars for her.

Now the family are going to move to another state and all the horses must be sold—except, of course, Calamity. When buyers come to look at horses Calamity is the first to greet them. Mr. Andrews protests that she is interfering with sales, for people start playing with her and don't care to look at the others. Everyone wants to buy her. If any one drops a handkerchief Calamity gravely picks it up and hands it to him, then politely offers to shake hands. By the time she has followed any one across the pasture that person is sure to ask to buy her.

"Nope," Mr. Andrews says, "My boy Jimmie would make life miserable for me if I sold that colt." But that isn't the only reason. The fact is that Charlie Andrews, horse trader, has at last found an animal he hasn't the heart to "trade off." Calamity has won him, completely.

So I have a mental picture of the Andrews family moving. Mother and father will be in the front seat of their car, and in back with the baggage will be Jimmie and the dogs. And riding beside Jimmie will be Calamity, happy and contented to go wherever her folks go.

The hideous "frizzled chicken" scratching at some colored family's cabin has a long and happy life ahead of him—or her. There is a superstition that this kind of chicken scratches up any "charms" or "conjures" which are buried by enemies. Some humble people—white and colored—will go hungry before they will kill and eat a "frizzled" hen or rooster.

No Child Without a Christmas

(See Frontispiece)

LAST December there appeared in the *Buick Magazine*, published by the Buick Company of General Motors, the story which follows in part—a story and picture whose influence has meant happiness and a Merry Christmas to multitudes of children in this land whose Christmas otherwise would have been much like that of the broken-hearted child in the picture.

Almost every day of the year, old Hilda bent over the laundry tubs in somebody's basement, scrubbing away with a right good will. But on Christmas she rested.

All afternoon, she sat by the window in her cozy flat, idly watching the tumble-down house across the street. Every now and then, she would see a little girl push back the curtains from a grimy window and peer anxiously down the snow-covered street.

Usually, Hilda concerned herself not at all about her neighbors. For she was up every morning before daylight and off to her work in another part of the city. And it was dark when she returned. But today the anxious face of the little child made her wonder.

By nightfall, she could stand it no longer. Well muffled up in her old shawl, she hurried across the street.

In a cold and cheerless room, she found the little girl still waiting—sobbing now—sure that she had been a very, very naughty little girl, because Santa Claus, who comes to all good children, had passed her by.

Ordinarily, Hilda was a truthful person. But now, in her efforts to comfort the little girl, she stretched facts a little. Santa Claus, she explained, is an extremely busy old gentleman. Sometimes, it is simply impossible for him to reach everyone on Christmas Day. To thousands of homes, he comes on the day after Christmas.

Hope shone once more in the child's face, and Hilda returned to her home.

Next day, she was up even earlier than usual, plodding through sleet and snow to a home far across the city, a home where she had done the laundry for many, many years. Here, perhaps, there would be something to spare for the little girl, something to make good Hilda's hasty assurance that sometimes Santa Claus comes on the day after Christmas.

She was right. From that home, and neighboring ones, there went out big baskets of good things for the little girl—toys, candy, dolls, fruit, warm clothes.

And there the story should end,—just a good deed by an old woman on a Christmas long ago. But, as a matter of fact, it is here the story starts.

The home to which Hilda appealed for help was the home of a man who drew pictures for a newspaper. He never forgot that bare, cheerless room to which he helped Hilda carry Christmas baskets. It saddened him to think that there were thousands of other little girls who, every year, would wait in vain for Santa Claus.

The following December, he drew a picture of that little girl. He showed her sitting with head bowed in grief at a rickety table from which hung a little empty stocking. Beneath the picture, he



SCENE AT BIRD SANCTUARY OF CHARLES E. JONES, VANCOUVER,
BRITISH COLUMBIA

lettered a single word: "Forgotten."

He brought it to the editor of the paper, to be published on Christmas Day. But the editor shook his head.

"We can't use it," he said. "It would spoil Christmas for a lot of people."

"I want to spoil Christmas for everybody who has remembered only himself," the cartoonist replied. The editor saw the point. The cartoon was published.

Hundreds of times, it has been reprinted since then. It has been called "The cartoon that opened a million hearts," and it has made famous the name of its creator, Tom May, of Detroit.

From the heart stirrings that it caused, there came into being many well-organized movements dedicated to the one purpose: "No child without a Christmas."

Window-box for Birds

C. B. DARNELL

Do you want to make the birds think they are getting their dinner out in the woods? Here is the way to do it. If you have a window-box and the flowers are about gone, go to the woods and get some tiny cedars, pines and firs, also some brake ferns and bunch grass and plant the window-box with this. Water well and shade for a few days.

When the snow flies keep the box well supplied with food and you will be so entertained by watching the diners I'm afraid your work will suffer.

Millet, milo, very fine cracked corn and rice make good feed and are cheap. Suet is also very needful for birds. If you have an invalid in the home let his or her chair be set by this window. You will obtain an idea about these feathered creatures that is both entertaining and educational, surprising too.

If you have not a window-box, then take a broad plank, length of window, build up sides enough to hold earth and this will serve the purpose. Always throw some feed on the window ledge for the braver birds, the reds, the mockers and nuthatches, and the jays.

Wild Bird Sanctuary

CHARLES E. JONES of Vancouver, British Columbia, after a lifetime of experimenting, now has completed one of the most remarkable wild bird sanctuaries in the world. He and his three sons look after it. They have successfully reared fifteen species of North American wild birds and some twenty foreign ones. The birds are fed by a special preparation invented by Mr. Jones. In a great open sanctuary hundreds of birds fill the air. They settle even upon strangers and upon friendly dogs, as shown in the picture above.

The Mother

MARY WILDER PEASE

*There are so many shadows in this place,
Dear Joseph, tell me, can you see his face,
Are his eyes blue, what color is his hair,
What is that light that shines above him
there?*

*The sky was dark when we came to the
Inn,
We scarce could see the door they barred
to him.*

*He does not care, my little son, his sleep
Is not disturbed because the huddled sheep
Have nuzzled him. He does not mind this
gloom
Where patient oxen crowd to give him
room.*

*The air seems heavy with the scent of
myrrh.*

*Is it the hay? Hush, did you hear him
stir?
My mind is filled with fancies, do I
dream*

*That in the heavens rays of glory stream?
Look, in the east, a cloud is opening.
Is it a star? Do I hear voices sing?
You say that I am weary, and must rest,
Then lay my baby, Joseph, on my breast.*

*In making your will, please remember the
Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of
Cruelty to Animals, Boston.*

Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts, Boston Office: 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

DECEMBER, 1937

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS, to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an *addressed envelope with full return postage* enclosed with each offering.

Who Pays for this Loss?

THE National Livestock Loss Prevention Board issues a pamphlet telling us that during the year 1935 (these figures would be approximately true for 1936) more than two million cattle, nearly six million hogs, some one million sheep and 360,000 calves marketed in the United States were so seriously bruised in shipment or before as to cause losses in the sale of the meat obtained from them to a value of eleven million dollars. During shipment more than 70,000 hogs, nearly 30,000 cattle and calves, and more than 30,000 sheep died or were crippled during that year in the journey to market, and more than 50,000 died in transit that year.

This pamphlet, of course published in the interests of the meat-packing industry, shows how this loss falls upon the producer who, many times, has to insure his shipments against loss, falls upon the railroad which has to pay for many injuries that occur in transit, falls upon the packers as buyers who have to anticipate these losses in the purchase of livestock, and then ultimately must come back upon all consumers of meat. The packers are concerned with financial losses, but millions of our citizens are more and more concerned with what these unfortunate food animals suffer on their journey from the farm to the slaughter-house. Never, of course, can animals be transported from the places where they are raised to the places where they are slaughtered without more or less of suffering, but the work of humane societies, and of humane education in the schools of this country, should continually be creating that humamer spirit which, from the farm to the shambles, should steadily lessen the suffering of these creatures sacrificed for human food.

Police Captain Thomas F. Harvey, Station 16, Boston citizens will be glad to know, has issued an order warning hit-and-run automobilists who have injured or killed a dog by careless driving that they will be prosecuted if discovered. The warning reads as follows: "A person who causes serious injury to a dog and then goes away without doing his utmost to assist the animal is a potential criminal and should be prosecuted."

Man's Friend: the Crow

UNDER this heading a leaflet has appeared, published by the Emergency Conservation Committee of New York. While it is true that the crow is responsible for the destruction of a small amount of corn that the farmer plants, and even that might be eliminated by proper preparation of the seed before it is planted, and while it is also true that during the season of their young they do rob probably many a bird's nest, it has long been held by those who have studied their life and habits that they do more good than harm. In 1918, we are informed (Bulletin 621, U. S. Dept. of Agriculture) that, "The attitude of the individual farmer toward the crow should be one of toleration when no serious losses are suffered, rather than uncompromising antagonism, resulting in the unwarranted destruction of these birds which at times are most valuable aids to man."

The committee's pamphlet says what we believe is perfectly true, that the depletion of game birds now apparent has been caused vastly more by the wholesale killing by hunters than by the destruction of game birds' eggs by crows.

Manufacturers of guns and ammunition, to further their own interests, have maligned the crow, calling him black rascal, pirate, gangster and murderer, considering nothing but their own profits. We are told that a photograph widely reproduced to show the enormity of egg destruction by crows not only was "faked" by the piling up under a tree, containing a single crow's nest, of eggs from a large area, but the eggs were mostly those of the clapper rail or marsh hen that had been washed out of the nests by an unusually high tide, and of which there were literally windrows about the edges of the marsh and of openings therein, available to any creature inclined to eat them. These eggs were wholly waste, and consumption of them by crows or any other scavengers was, if anything, beneficial. When the ammunition makers assert that the shortage of ducks for hunters to kill is due more to crows than to droughts and drainage put together and that the crow is the duck's worst enemy and that the crow destroys more ducks than the combined hunters of Canada and the United States, one can only smile at such absolutely absurd statements.

The Racing Craze

Horse racing, dog racing, motor racing, turtle racing, and now, "duck racing." This last, *Our Animals*, organ of the San Francisco S. P. C. A., tells us is seeking recognition. A certain promoter of racing, having heard, we are told, that duck racing is being staged with great success in foreign countries, undertook to introduce it in San Francisco. Realizing the danger to the birds used in such events, two officers of the San Francisco S. P. C. A. went to the place where the races were advertised to take place and warned the promoter that if any injury happened to the ducks an arrest would be made. The result was the race was called off. The San Francisco S. P. C. A. requests the co-operation of all humane societies to stop similar events wherever staged.

Still the Rodeo

IN spite of all the opposition of the humane societies to what is known as the Wild West show or the rodeo, these exhibitions still continue not only through the West but annually visit the East. Regret as one may the fatal accidents that occur to the human participants in these performances, little can be said because of their own free will they take their chances in riding dangerous horses and steers. With an editorial from the *Worcester Telegram* of October 18, which concludes as follows, we heartily agree:

In a country which rules out the gory sport of bull-fighting as inhumane and cruel to the animals, the acceptance of the rodeo is considered by many persons as somewhat inconsistent. Yet the rodeos flourish year by year. The lure of championship prizes and large cash awards bring in the requisite number of recruits for the performances, and the prospect of life-and-death risks taken never fails to attract paying crowds. Despite the number of fatalities, it may be assumed that the shows will go on until such time as the public sickens of the brutality and withholds patronage.

A University's Tribute
To a Dog

On the campus of Stetson University, on a recent afternoon, a beautiful tribute was paid by the students to a friend who had died and who had won the affection and kindly regard of all who knew him. The body, lying in specially provided receptacle in front of the bandstand, on the campus, the drum major of the school band, who had been closely associated with this friend for the past three years, told the story of his life since the day, when, as a stranger, he strayed upon the campus. The report says that many a handkerchief was seen to move slowly toward the eyes of the large body of students who were present at the last rites.

The name of this friend was "Largo," and Largo was a dog that came upon the campus some three years ago, and though adopted by the junior class, had won the friendship of all who came to know him. "Largo," said the drum major, "deep down in his heart must have had the soul of a master musician. Wherever the band went, Largo could be found; whenever the band practised, he was always present. Largo was always prompt, always loyal, and always had a friendly greeting for all those who stopped to speak to him as they passed to and fro across the campus."

Whatever the outcome of the disastrous war in China, the mass of American citizens, we thoroughly believe, are opposed to our country being drawn into it. The 7,780 American citizens in China, however much they may have our sympathy, were there at their own risk. The total value of American investments in China and Japan is \$468,000,000. In the interests of those who invested that money in those foreign lands, few will believe we should take any steps that might draw us into the maelstrom of another horrible war.

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Founded by Geo. T. Angell, Incorporated March, 1863

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

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Springfield Branch Auxiliary—MRS. DONALD C. KIBBE, Pres.; MRS. HERBERT F. PAYNE, Treas. Second Thursday.

Winchester Branch Auxiliary—MRS. RICHARD S. TAYLOR, Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas. Second Thursday.

Fitchburg Branch, Am. Humane Education Soc.—MR. FRANCIS KIELTY, Pres.; BRADLEY W. LEONARD, Treas.

MONTHLY REPORT OF SOCIETY AND BRANCHES

Miles traveled by humane officers...	16,416
Cases investigated.....	380
Animals examined.....	6,205
Animals placed in homes.....	174
Lost animals restored to owners..	63
Number of prosecutions.....	1
Number of convictions.....	1
Horses taken from work.....	16
Horses humanely put to sleep....	80
Small animals humanely put to sleep	1,180

Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected.....	59,703
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep.....	18

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been re-membered in the wills of Ann L. Marsh of Quincy, Blanche B. Parker of Winthrop, and Alice R. Wells of Cambridge.

November 9, 1937.

ANGELL MEMORIAL ANIMAL HOSPITAL

and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

Veterinarians

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R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief
E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.
G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.
T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.
C. L. BLAKELY, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

Springfield Branch

Telephone 4-7355

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

Veterinarians

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D. H. L. SMEAD, D.V.M.

HOSPITAL REPORT FOR OCTOBER

Including Springfield Branch

Hospital	Dispensary
Cases entered 936	Cases 2,562
Dogs 716	Dogs 2,164
Cats 212	Cats 340
Birds 3	Birds 36
Horses 2	Monkeys 7
Goats 2	Goats 5
Rabbit 1	Horses 4
	Squirrels 2
Operations 819	Rabbits 2
Hospital cases since opening, Mar.	Turtles 2
1, 1915	154,775
Dispensary cases	380,582
	Total 535,357

The Month in the Springfield Branch

Cases entered in Hospital	178
Cases entered in Dispensary	499
Operations	146

For the Horses' Christmas

THE Massachusetts S. P. C. A. will observe its annual custom of distributing Christmas dinners for horses on the day before the holiday. So dense and crowded have the in-town squares and other areas become by motor traffic and parking, that it has been deemed impractical to set up a "Tree" at any single spot. The Society's trucks and ambulances will carry Christmas dinners for the horses at their stables and distribute, en route, to as many individuals as can be reached. The horses of "peddlers' row" will be visited and each supplied with a generous feed of oats, cut-up apples and carrots.

So many have contributed towards this holiday celebration in the past that we feel they and others will very gladly send a donation. This annual custom is held as a deserving recognition of the faithful service that the horses are still rendering in the commercial life of the city and is made possible by the generosity of their constant friends.

Endowed stalls and kennels are needed in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application.

Humane Societies and Rabies

In our November issue we had a brief article telling of the eliminating of rabies from Hamilton County, Ohio, in which county is the city of Cincinnati. This was all done by co-operation between the county commissioners and the Hamilton County S. P. C. A., the county commissioners really furnishing the money for a proper shelter for all lost and stray dogs, making the agents of the Society the dog officers, and the county commissioners really bearing the expense of the entire work.

There are three dog pound wagons or trucks and a motorcycle ambulance, while the S. P. C. A. operates an additional ambulance. Each dog wagon has a crew of two men which, with the motorcycle man, makes a total crew of seven deputy dog wardens on the county payroll. The Society has one man on its ambulance paid by the S. P. C. A. These four ambulances and motorcycle so co-ordinate their work in Hamilton County that the least amount of duplication is barely possible. By gathering up all the stray and wandering dogs and, in the great majority of cases, having them put humanely to sleep, rabies was practically eliminated. In 1927, for example, there were 840 cases of dog bites and 205 cases of rabies reported. In 1935, with 1,307 bites by dogs, there was no rabies, and in 1936, with 1,280 bites reported, there was one case of rabies reported which turned out to be a suspect and not positive, so that in less than ten years rabies was eliminated in a city of 450,000.

We have just received a report of a meeting of the humane societies of California during which an address by the city health officer of Palo Alto urged upon the delegates the muzzling of all dogs for a period of two years in an effort to eliminate rabies. The amount of suffering involved in muzzling dogs is a very serious matter and it would seem that such a plan as that made possible in Cincinnati is vastly superior to anything like an attempt to muzzle all the dogs of a great state for a period of two years. We hope California may find some method similar to that used by the Hamilton County Society.

Fashion and Feathers

A French humane periodical says, "The return to fashion of the plumage of birds on the hats of women arouses indignation. To satisfy this feminine demand millions of birds are 'massacred.' The most beautiful of our birds will disappear." In the United States both the federal and state laws protect our birds against such demands of a heartless fashion. The Massachusetts Audubon Society sums up the laws both of the state and federal government in the following words: The attention of all milliners was called to the fact that both state and federal laws forbid the sale or possession of the feathers of wild birds, whether native or imported. It is illegal to wear, possess, sell, or offer for sale such feathers.

Horse sense behind the steering wheel is better and more important than horsepower under the hood.



Founded by Geo. T. Angell

Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society
 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

PEABODY, BROWN, ROWLEY & STOREY, Counsel

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Joaquin Julin	Spain
Mrs. Alice W. Manning	Turkey

Humane Press BureauMrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, Secretary
180 Longwood Ave., Boston**Field Workers of the Society**

Mrs. Alice L. Park, Palo Alto, California
 Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington
 James D. Burton, Harriman, Tennessee
 Mrs. Katherine Weathersbee, Atlanta, Georgia
 Rev. F. Rivers Barnwell, Fort Worth, Texas
 Rev. John W. Lemon, Ark, Virginia
 Miss Lucia F. Gilbert, Boston, Massachusetts
 Mrs. Jennie R. Toomin, Chicago, Illinois
 Seymour Carroll, Columbia, South Carolina
 Rev. R. E. Griffith, De Land, Florida

Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzel, M. S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

SUMMARY OF ACTIVITIES OF FIELD WORKERS FOR OCTOBER, 1937

Number of Bands of Mercy formed, 344
Number of addresses made, 258
Number of persons in audiences, 34,029

Retired Workers' Fund

We are receiving gifts to the American Humane Education Society as a trust fund, the interest to be used for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education. Already several cases have come to our attention and are being relieved in this way. We will welcome your contribution to this fund.

Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

A Letter from Matanzas

An extraordinarily interesting letter has just reached us from our worker in Matanzas, Cuba, Mrs. Electa Fe de la Pena. Mrs. Fe de la Pena is one of the most indefatigable workers in the interest of humane work of which we have any knowledge. A teacher in the schools, the most of her hours away from school are spent in awakening the various communities she can reach in the better treatment of animals and their claims upon all for justice and compassion. Literature, often purchased by money from her own purse, is being widely distributed. Work along the lines of humane education is unceasing among the teachers in the schools. Through that whole section of the Island she moves like a light shedding its rays into a section where darkness has so long prevailed, so far as the interests of the animal world are considered. Heaven only knows how many such workers live and die unhonored and unsung by the great world and yet whose services must be recorded among the deeds that have made this in many ways a better world.

The Georgia Parent Teacher Association and the Georgia Humane Society, through our representative, Mrs. Weathersbee, have presented a petition to the governor of that state urging the taxation and licensing of all weapons calculated to destroy life, quoting the words which were broadcast by a prominent penologist in which he said that "only in this manner could the wave of lawlessness that has been sweeping the country be kept down," recommending that the states themselves take the initiative and that the legislation in the various commonwealths be followed up by national legislation to the same effect.

American Fondouk, Fez

Report for September, 1937 — 30 Days

Daily average large animals	47.5
Forage for same	\$63.13
Put to sleep	56
Transportation	8.93
Daily average dogs	7
Forage for same	3.90
Wages, grooms, watchmen and stable-boys	50.33
Superintendent's salary	93.22
Veterinary's salary	16.78
Motor ambulance upkeep	37.57
Motor bicycle upkeep	3.04
Sundries	47.94
Actual operating expenses	\$341.37
Land purchase account	78.30
Building upkeep account	1.34
	<hr/>
	\$421.01

Entries: 17 horses, 5 mules, 90 donkeys, 1 camel. Exits: 7 horses, 4 mules, 48 donkeys, 1 camel. Outpatients treated: 111 horses, 78 mules, 95 donkeys, 2 camels, 3 dogs.

Other Fondouks visited: 70, all Native Fondouks. SUPERINTENDENT'S NOTES: 583 cases investigated, 11,384 animals seen, 1,595 animals treated, 65 animals transferred to Fondouk American, 5 pack-saddles (infected) destroyed.

ONE DAY'S WORK

MONDAY, 20th: 6:45 a.m. Fondouk. Usual work of treating animals. 8:30 a.m. to 10:15 a.m. Souk el Khemis, Casbat Ben Debab, Fes Jeddah and Mellah inspection. Stayed 15 minutes at Bab Mahrouk. Then to Fondouk. 11 a.m. to 12 noon Bou Jeloud, Talaa inspection—Police Bou Jeloud sent one donkey to hospital. 2:15 p.m. at Fondouk. 3 p.m. went with Dr. Bouguereau to Bab Ftouh inspection, then to Bab Guissa inspection. At Bab Ftouh bought one horse to put to sleep (belonging to an Italian contractor). Returned to Bab Ftouh at 6 p.m. with Dr. Bouguereau to put to sleep this animal unable to walk. 41 animals in hospital.

G. DELON, Superintendent

The Gray Fox and His Mate

We wish everyone of our readers might read the beautifully told story of the gray fox and his mate which appeared in the October 4 edition of the *National Nature News*. We are quoting just a paragraph from it which suggests something that many a married couple might take to heart. This is the paragraph:

"It is interesting to remember that the foxes, though they mate for life, always court their mates over again each year. They renew their marriage vows as ardently after ten years of wedlock as they did on their first wedding date. For three months after the wedding, the happy couple occupy the same apartment. Then Mrs. Gray goes away to find a nursery in another location, maybe a hollow tree or log, where her children, usually a quartet, will be born in mid-March in the south, mid-April in the north. Father keeps in the background during these days. Not desertion—never! He is simply not betraying the new domicile of his beloved family. He brings to the doorstep dainty offerings for his wife, and she steals away from her babies to eat what her devoted husband has brought her."

Humane Education Conference

At the first annual conference, sponsored by the department of humane education of the Humane Society of Baltimore County, Pikesville (Baltimore), Maryland, held October 29-31, addresses were given on "Peace and Humane Education," by Miss Frances E. Clarke of the American S. P. C. A., New York City; "How to Impart Humane Ideas to Children," by Mrs. Grace D. Proctor, teacher in the Fitchburg, Mass., public schools; "Philosophy of Humane Education," by William F. H. Wentzel of the American Humane Education Society, Boston; and "Bird Study and Bird Protection," by Winthrop Packard, director of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston. Congratulations to Mrs. Charles M. Shriner, chairman, for putting on such an excellent program.

Since the department of humane education was established by the Humane Society of Baltimore County, in 1933, it has expanded until now there are more than 300 junior members, representing all parts of the state. Children attend regular humane education classes each Saturday, which are held in the special room provided in the Society's new building.

The twenty-eighth annual convention of the Massachusetts Parent-Teacher Association was held at the Hotel Statler, Boston, October 20-22. Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, chairman of humane education for Massachusetts, was in charge of an exhibit, and distributed a quantity of literature of the American Humane Education Society.

February 13, 1937, Dr. Kerrl, Hitler's minister for church affairs, said, "The question of the divinity of Christ is ridiculous and inessential. A new authority has arisen as to what Christ and Christianity really are—Adolf Hitler."

Begin with the Children

FOllowing is an excerpt from the address of Mrs. W. F. Krahl, of Chicago, chairman of humane education, Illinois Congress of Parents and Teachers, at the humane convention in Milwaukee. Her topic was, "Toy Guns":

A typical American scene: A comfortable home, a cozy fireside, the children in bed, father and mother relaxing from the day's work, reading the papers. But what they are reading does not please them, they do not look relaxed, but worried. Another war is about to break out in Europe, another world war, perhaps. Will we again be drawn in? Are we again to live through all the horror and misery that brought us nothing but brief prosperity and then the crash and the long years of depression?

But uppermost in their minds is the thought: Will Bob and Bill, their beloved sons, have to go. The parents shudder, the thought is too horrible for words. It must not be. It shall not be.

But the next day these selfsame parents go out to buy Christmas gifts for their small sons, Jack and Tommy. And what do they select? Toy cannon, tanks, soldiers, drums, bugles. Thus parents, through their children's play, perpetuate the very thing they hate and fear.

Parents of today have lived through one war, they know it means death and destruction, disease, horror and futility. But their little boys do not know and if they continually fool them about war, as so many generations of parents have done, by encouraging them to play war, these precious little boys will believe that it is all a glorious and gallant adventure, and they will be tricked as were their parents.

A child's mind is conditioned in his early years; what he plays influences his entire future life.

If we believe in honesty and truth we do not encourage our children to play games that glorify stealing and lying. If we believe in peace why do we encourage our children to play games that glorify legalized murder?

At this season of the year, devoted to observing the spirit of "peace on earth, good will toward men," at this season when we know of no greater joy than to gladden the hearts of children, let us not be guilty of implanting in their hearts the desire to kill and destroy. Let us choose toys that feature peaceful play, co-operation and creative effort. Let us change the psychology of war for the psychology of peace. All reforms must start in the hearts of our children.

There is a member of the dreaded cobra family among snakes of the United States. This is the small *Elaps pulvius* or *Elaps distans*, commonly called coral snake, which is found in some of the southern states.

We may well be alert to see that in scotching some of the sins of industrialism we do not end up with a bastard democracy deriving from communistic sentiment and ideology.

PRESIDENT JAMES ROWLAND ANGELL, at Yale University



A Birds' Christmas Tree

Why Not?

If not a special one for them, you can make very good use of your own, right after Christmas, and derive much pleasure in watching them come to it for the food that you can easily supply. And here are only a few of the kinds that the birds find good: Sunflower seeds, buckwheat, rolled oats, cracked corn and wheat, oatmeal, hemp seed and millet. Don't forget to tie to the branches small pieces of suet which many birds will choose. Cuttings of sweet apple, strings of popcorn, cranberries and peanuts will also help to make an attractive tree. Nearly all kinds of seeds and nut meats are relished by the birds, and, if the tree is set where all is safe for them, you can carpet the ground around it at times with crumbs and other scraps from the table.

Some of our readers, we think, will see opportunities to take good pictures of their Christmas Tree and its bird patrons. We shall anticipate hearing from them as to results.

Cat Gives Life for Owner

Joseph Woolams of Homer, Michigan, owes his life to the alertness of his pet cat, says the *Times*, Fairmont, West Virginia. Woolams was asleep in his burning home when he was awakened by the cat's continued scratching at his bedroom door. He escaped clad in his night clothing, but the cat died in the flames.

*The time draws near the birth of Christ,
The moon is hid, the night is still,
And Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.*

TENNYSON

Selections from "Progress Today"

THERE is so much printing of newspapers and magazines that the forests of the world have been denuded to supply pulp for the ravenous demands of the printing presses and there is a serious problem of where to find a sufficiency of trees to be slain and transformed into paper. To me there is a mint of pathos in the fact that the glories of the forest are destroyed to feed the mind of man (the quality of the food is not seldom productive of indigestion and fever).

Should I apologize, says the editor (L. Lind-af-Hageby), for articles and letters which make unpleasant reading? I think not. The ignorance of the "good" is a field of profit for the wicked.

At the Paris Exhibition the International Humanitarian Bureau of Geneva and the Animal Defence Society had a humane exhibition in a pavilion specially built for the purpose.

Men clothed in skins or war paint; men in armour; men in soft raiment; men harsh; men warriors, men kindly; men shepherds—the patter of dogs' feet has insistently followed them all.

It has even been thought that the presence of a dog would desecrate a church or churchyard. Only in Scotland is the faithful sheep-dog allowed to accompany his master and silently participate in the worship of their mutual Creator.

The dog has, as it were, left the rest of creation in order to be with man, and by his intelligence, his powers of devotion, has gradually led man to open the door of his understanding to those other living creatures of the same planet, whom man calls "animals."

From the shambles of the perpetual daily slaughter of millions of fellow-creatures in all the slaughter houses of the world; the periodic slaughter of wild life under the names of "game" and "sport" to the massacre of his human brethren in warfare and the ever-increasing gigantic schemes for the annihilation of men in future wars, man has shown himself as the most murderous of all living creatures both in action and intent, and the most stupid.

"What is become of your dog, Sir John?" asked a friend of Sir John Danvers. "Gone to Heaven," was the answer. "Then, Sir John, he has often followed you, and I hope now you will follow him."

Mickey's New Role

"Now, boys," said the teacher, "tell me the signs of the zodiac. You first, Thomas."

"Taurus, the bull."

"Right. Now you, Harold, another one."

"Cancer, the crab."

"Right, again. And now it's your turn, Albert."

The boy looked puzzled, hesitated a moment, and then blurted out: "Mickey, the mouse."

—Kablegram



THE MASCOT OF THE MILL

"Tabs"

MARY HARAS

JUST a plain Tabby. The French windows were open and she walked in one day. She was Next Door's cat and Next Door was in France for a month.

She stood hesitating on the threshold. We had only seen each other from a distance before. Was I a friendly human or not?

"What do you want, 'Tabs?'" I said gently. A not particularly intelligent remark, but it served. Slowly she ventured in, and, encouraged by my voice, came up to be stroked.

We were both lonely. My people were abroad, too, and we each sensed the other's need.

I found the chauffeur put out milk every day for her, and once a week there were lights, but what was that to the pampered kitchen cat of a large house? And an outhouse to take refuge in instead of a warm kitchen at night, and no tempting scraps, no fish—can you wonder poor Tabs felt lonely? We told each other what we thought about it.

But one day when we were on more friendly terms she explained to me her real grievance. It wasn't the cook or the choice scraps she really needed, but a cupboard, and that a family she'd moused for years, and a cook she'd purred for should have played her such a trick was almost unbelievable.

So we found a cupboard, a lovely roomy, old-tennis-shoes' cupboard and we popped a cozy bit of blanket in it. Tabs purred approval.

She inspected it daily, and then used to come and tell me all she thought about it, and even suggested warm milk would be necessary later, and a little sympathetic attention.

One morning there was no Tabs to greet me, so very gingerly I peeped round the cupboard door.

down to my book. She came in alone later to know what I thought of them, and I think our nursery chat was a very satisfactory one.

That night Next Door returned—at least the maids did—and the cook called to enquire if I had "seen the puss."

She went back for a basket. "The young ladies will love the kits," she remarked. "They'll be back tomorrow."

I shall never forget Tabs as she followed the basket. She turned and, as plainly as possible, told me that she had got to go for the moment but that we should see.

Within half an hour all five were back in the cupboard.

Three times a maid arrived with a basket. Three times Tabs brought the family back. So Next Door gave it up. Only when her children became tiresome, and she found maternal cares began to bore did Tabs and Co. leave me for their own home.

But though the cook and the kitchen fire and choice scraps and the fish served for between times, whenever it's been a question of a family since, back to the old-tennis-shoes' cupboard she finds her way, while she tells me what she thinks of Next Door for leaving her all on her own that summer.

After the death of a friend (Sir Thomas Noon Talfourd) Charles Dickens wrote: "The chief delight of his life was to give delight to others. His nature was so exquisitely kind, that to be kind was its highest happiness."

Prayer for a Seeing-eye Dog

DOROTHY HARRIMAN SUTTON

*Lord, make her ever steady—
Keep her body strong,
This wonder-working dog
Who sees for two!
Bless her keen mind,
And bless her staunch, brave heart;
And bless the man for whom
She plays her part!*

Yes! it was a case of warm milk.

Beyond supplying the food I left Tabs alone. Mothers have feelings that must be considered, she had told me. But it was a proud day for both of us when she appeared with a fat little ball of fluff in her mouth and popped it on the rug by me. Four journeys she made, and each new arrival seemed dearer than the last. Then Tabs lay down at my feet content.

The little fluffs nestled up to her, they tumbled over each other and were smacked and told to behave. Then, when she thought it was time for the cupboard again, she made the four journeys and I settled

Northern Dogs Starving

L. E. EUBANKS

WHEN a child neglects or abandons a pet because he is tired of it, we try to be tolerant, hoping that added years, with education from parents, will bring that humane feeling so indispensable to real character.

But what are we to think of adults, particularly men who have been in a position to know animals thoroughly, when they commit virtually the same offense?

Many dog owners of the North must be as heartless as the wretch who turned aged and crippled horses out in the woods to starve when an automobile took the horse's place. While professional mushers have been driving teams of husky dogs in races to new international fame over the snowy tundra, hundreds of huskies have been starving in the frontier settlements of the far North.

Most of the famous long-distance dog racers of the Canadian northland make their home in the Pas, Manitoba, and they feed their fleet canines on fresh eggs, chicken wings and other choice morsels. Sledge dogs such as these live royally. But back in the adjoining settlements of Canada, starving huskies constitute a positive menace. Police at the Pas have been shooting dozens of them in order to protect life and property. Dogs that were once considered to be worth their weight in gold are now worthless.

A few years ago the North struck a new mining and railroad boom. Freight dogs were in great demand. Strong pups eight or nine months old and barely broken to harness were frequently sold for as much as a hundred dollars apiece; and the Canadian National Railway construction organization at one time had scores of such dogs in constant use.

These were not the fleet spoon-fed cross breed for sledge races, but they were huskies in every sense of the word. They were born and bred to haul pay loads, and the North swarmed with them. In summer the dog population at the Pas and other northern Canadian settlements frequently exceeded the number of people there, and the summer nights were musical indeed with the eerie call from countless throats.

The advent of the Hudson Bay, Flin Flon and Cold Lake railroads struck dog freighting extremely hard. Horses were introduced for heavy work in and out of the bush country that lies beyond the end of steel, and airplanes got the preference where speed was essential.

With horses, trains and airplanes in the limelight, the husky was left out in the cold. If he is fast enough to earn race-team harnesses he is lucky, and much more fortunate than the thousands of his kind who are actually starving. If they are a menace is it their fault?

Why do cats appear to find pleasure in torturing the smaller creatures they capture, playing with mouse or bird as if its fright and desire to escape amused it? What is the answer? Is it the cat's nature? Do the great cats, the leopard, the tiger, play with their prey? Who will answer the question?

Does Your Dog Bark at Night?

A. CLARE

No one likes to be disturbed in the night stillnesses by the barking of insufficiently trained dogs.

If your dog is an offender in this respect, you can cure him—but you will need to exercise much patience and perseverance if you want to achieve any lasting good.

Almost in all cases, this bad nocturnal habit denotes an unhappy dog. Either he is bothered with fleas, or underfed, perhaps too hot, or not warm enough. Whatever the trouble, if the dog's discomfort interferes with his rest, it is only natural that he will express his feelings on the slightest provocation—which usually is vocally. There are times when we humans, for all our superior intelligence over our canine friends, feel so irritable and generally out of sorts, that we feel like smashing something, or yelling at someone, in order to relieve the pent-up feelings raging within us. How understandable it is, therefore, that animals should feel the desire on occasions, to give vent to their feelings, too.

Dogs will often prove a nuisance at night, when fastened up too long during the daytime—especially when they are left outside all the time, and practically ignored. A dog resents such an attitude. He likes to feel that his master (or his mistress, as the case may be) is his friend, that he is cared for, and that some interest is shown in him. Bringing the dog indoors to sleep, is almost sure to stop the nocturnal barking—for the dog's added comfort, and the knowledge that he is nearer his master, will work wonders in making him spend restful nights, as well as giving the neighbors welcome respites.

If, however, the barking should continue after having brought the dog indoors, it is up to you to see that none of the things mentioned in the early part of this article, are causing him to be so noisy.

Make sure that his bed—whether box, basket, or kennel—is quite dry, comfortable and clean, well-ventilated, and free from draughts.

Next, give his coat a good inspection. Satisfy yourself that it is not verminous. Get rid of the slightest hint of such pests, with a good insecticide, and disinfect his sleeping-quarters thoroughly.

It is important that a fresh supply of water is always available for the dog, so that he is never without, either night or day.

Should you have any suspicion that your dog is at all ill, the first thing to do, of course, is to give him a thorough conditioning. If that is not effective, consult a veterinarian without further delay.

In any case, feed him only twice during the day—his first meal being a light one, and his principal meal being given to him at night, after a long run. A short walk of a hundred yards or so, is no use. See that he has a real long ramble with you directly before turning in. You can modify this practice after a while, once you have broken the original bad habit. If he comes home really hungry and tired, he will settle

down happily for the night, and give no further trouble.

As already stated, patience and perseverance are essential from the outset. If you love your dog you should not mind the temporary inconvenience it causes you.

One last point. Should the barking of other dogs during the night set your own dog barking, as is frequently the case, don't treat him harshly. Come down to him, and coax him kindly to settle down again. But on no account must you spoil your dog. The wise dog-lover will readily realize the difference between kindly, sympathetic understanding and unreasonable "petting." Your dog appreciates it, too, and will obey you far more readily if you reveal to him that you really do understand him. That is why gentle handling will do so much more good in curing the noisy dog, than any amount of bullying, or, on the other hand, foolish "fussing" will do.

If you haven't already tried this method, put it to the test now, and see for yourself.

Economics of the Woodland

DORIS M. BALTES

LIKE many another lesson, man might learn economics from the dumb creatures of the woodland, something of economic determinism—of what motivates the entire animal kingdom to war or peace, to labor or leisure, to restless migration or to contented home-making.

In the woodland he would see home-loving bears and beavers, squirrels, deer, (in fact almost all animals are home-loving) fare forth from their home territories only when food becomes scarce, only when they become dissatisfied with economic conditions existing there; and the birds migrating to richer feeding-grounds but ever returning to home sites when warm days bring food there again. He might reasonably conclude then that trailers and transient camps have come into prominence not so much from mere wanderlust in the human animal but from dissatisfaction with the home feeding grounds—that man, like the birds and beasts, would probably be glad to live at home if the living were good.

And by studying the actions of the wild animals man might learn the natural function of labor, that primitive labor is incidental to living, that the animals work to gain food and shelter and then stop to enjoy leisure. Each animal or group of them could be seen working singly or together, enough to provide for his own or the



AN AUSTRALIAN JOCKEY AND HIS FAITHFUL STEED

This good-natured dog may be seen often at Brisbane, Queensland, trotting about with a koala on his back. The bear climbs up the front legs and nestles on the dog's back where he often enjoys a snooze. These fascinating little creatures make great pets and are keenly sought by visiting tourists, but a government regulation forbids their export.

group's needs. One has to go as low as the ant to find any animals besides man taking advantage of another's labor.

By watching the notably hard-working beaver one might be surprised to learn more of leisure than of labor, for the beavers in groups build homes for themselves that will endure and in the autumn of each year spend a few weeks storing away food for the following winter. But the rest of the time they eat, sleep, bathe, comb their fur, go picnicking and traveling, taking little tours in summer that always lead back to home territory, and part of the time simply rest, as only the dumb animals know how to rest.

Man might well pattern both his rest and his labor after what he learns from the dumb animal without so much "stewing" over the tomorrows. Tomorrow in the animal mind extends no farther than a season. Most animals store food for a winter, but there are no monopolies piled up for future generations. Forest food is shared by all in the present. Only natural calamities or the hand of man can create economic scarcity there and send the wild creatures forth—not to war for new territory but to find food wheresoever it is to be found.

Propagandists for war have pointed to the forest and the jungle to prove the necessity for wars, but there is far more of peace there than war, and surely the way to keep peace is demonstrated by the wild animals—the cause of forest peace is so obviously plenty. A hungry carnivorous animal makes a kill and when his hunger is subdued lies down at peace with the world. The mountain lion will watch a flock of mountain sheep at play with nothing more than interest or curiosity evidenced when his stomach is full. Realizing this, it would seem, then, that man with his higher intelligence could find a way to share the earth's bounty that would bring lasting peace on earth.

The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president. See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy Supplies.

NEW BANDS OF MERCY

Four hundred and sixty-four new Bands of Mercy were reported during October. Of these, there were 124 in South Carolina, 88 in Illinois, 83 in Maine, 46 in Pennsylvania, 38 in Florida, 30 in Georgia, 25 in Virginia, 12 in Texas, six in New York, five in Tennessee, two each in Massachusetts and North Carolina, and one each in Michigan, Missouri and Wisconsin.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 225,711.

Ducks Outwit Hunters

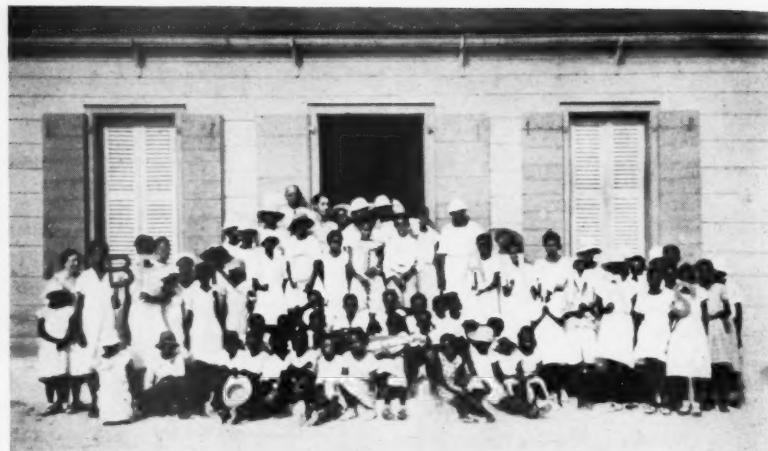
FERN BERRY

MANY people doubt that wild animals and birds have reasoning powers. That they do have powers of instinct that aid them in seeking safety is shown by this true incident. Two rather large lakes are connected by a canal only. One lake lies inside a fair-sized little city while the larger lake is outside the city limits. The lake inside the city limits is protected from all duck shooting at any time. At all seasons of the year wild duck may be seen on this lake and they seem tame and unafraid.

On the larger lake, when the season for shooting is closed, the ducks are also plentiful. However, at the first crack of the hunter's gun most of the ducks fly to the protected area, where they feed with the full assurance that they are protected from the guns, much to the consternation of the hunters.



FEEDING "JILL" HER BREAKFAST



BAND OF MERCY IN TURKS ISLAND, BRITISH WEST INDIES

Long-range Hearing

MYRON A. PATCH

I HAVE always been fond of pets, and when I took up my residence on a homestead claim, my pet dog "Tiger" was with me. Tiger was a farm dog of the collie breed. He was major-domo of the whole place. And what he did not know about it was not worth speaking of.

When, after two years' residence on the place, my mother and sister from "Old Virginia" came to live with me, Tiger was the proudest of dogs, as their guard, champion and worshipper.

Two years later they went back on a visit to the "Old Dominion" and Tiger was disconsolate. Sickness in the old home delayed their return, and they were absent something over three months.

When I received a letter, stating that they were starting on their way back, I showed it to Tiger, and told him that they were coming, and I am certain, in my own mind, that he understood.

The train from the East came in at about 9 P.M. The first night I went to meet it they did not come, as there had been some delay on the road. The second night they did come, and after I had got them and their baggage on board the wagon, we started for home.

But we had barely left the business part of the town when, out of the darkness ahead, came a racing dog, who made no pause for me to stop the wagon, but left the ground in a wild flying leap, that landed him just in front of the back seat. And it seemed as if he were trying to eat up those two women. He would lick the face of first one and then the other; then draw back and look them over as if he were asking in dog language, "Is it *really* you?"

They made room for him on the seat between them, and he rode home with their arms around him—the happiest dog for that night, it is safe to say, in eastern Oregon.

Now, how did he know that they were there? The only reasonable explanation is that, after we had left the noise and confusion of the railway depot, he had heard us talking, recognized their voices, and came—a distance of a mile and a half—as fast as his legs would carry him.

From an Island in the Sea

This picture is of a Band of Mercy organized by Mrs. C. Edward Frith in Turks Island, B. W. I. Running across the group were the words, in different colors, "Be Kind to Animals." This work in the island we have been glad to have some part in through correspondence with Mrs. Frith and literature sent. One can hardly imagine what it has meant to all these children to become members of such a humane group.

My Praying Dog

MINNA IRVING

GERMANY had a talking dog. When I was a little girl I had a praying dog. She was a mongrel, a little larger than a fox-terrier with a fox-terrier's slim beautiful head, and large intelligent brown eyes. Her body was black, her legs and muzzle tan.

About eight o'clock in the evening my father would say: "Josie, it's time to say your prayers."

She would at once trot over to a little bench, sit down, cross her front paws and drop her head upon them in the attitude of prayer. She would remain in that position until my father said: "Josie, you have prayed enough, you are good enough now."

She would immediately rise and become her playful self again.

We never tried to teach her human speech, but she understood it, not by inflection as most dogs do, but by the words. My mother would say in an ordinary conversational tone: "I think a cat has found Josie's bones."

Josie would then go to the door, frantic to be let out. She had bones buried all over the place, and would dig each one up and inter it in a different spot. But if my mother made the remark about the bones while Josie was "praying" she would not stir until my father told her that she had prayed enough.

She died when she was twelve years old and my father passed away at the same time. I like to think that the faithful dog went with him to the spirit land.

May every boy and girl who reads this page have the merriest Christmas ever!



The Christmas Puppy

MARY AGNES COLVILLE

*"See all the Christmas shoppers,
And what a merry throng!
That couple, there, are pricing me;
I guess it won't be long
Until I'll wear a 'sold' tag,
And leave this little shop.
Oh dear, it's so exciting,
My heart's going plop-plop-plop.
Oh, goody, I've been taken!
We leave at once for home;
Now I'll belong to someone,
And have folks of my own.
I am the children's present—
That fills me with delight;
I hope, though, they'll have training
In treating pet dogs right."*

A Big Little Animal Lover

JOHN FEEN

A LITTLE girl in Oklahoma, Janice Sharon, but seven years old, fully realizes the deplorable plight of the homeless creatures who are forsaken on the dusty road that passes her country home. Janice already has saved more than twenty homeless cats and dogs from a painful death under the crushing wheels of an automobile or a more prolonged demise from slow starvation.

It all started a few months ago, when Janice was returning home from town with her father. Just off the main highway she spied a lone kitten scampering blindly from the path of a speeding motorist. At her insistence, Mr. Sharon stopped and allowed Janice to take the frightened animal home. A few days later, Janice picked up another castoff; this time it was a dirty flea-bitten puppy. Before the week was out she increased the four-footed personnel of the barnyard by adopting a pair of snow white kittens. Business was on the boom for Janice but the cause of perplexed wrinkles on the perspiring brows of her hard-working father and mother. She was allowed to keep the two white kittens but was informed that the other kitten and puppy must be given away. Obediently, Janice solicited the neighboring farms until she found comfortable homes for her young charges.

The matter might have ended then and there if the Sharon family had not found a half-starved female collie whining pitifully at their gate. Homeless, friendless and unwanted, the poor animal begged for food and care. Janice and Mrs. Sharon were moved to tears and Patrick Sharon tenderly took the collie to the barn.

That night the Sharon family, after much discussion, determined that not only would Janice be allowed to save abandoned animals from the dangers of the highway, but that her parents would aid in finding homes for the four-footed unfortunates.

Today the plan is meeting with huge success. And it is all being done because a kind little girl with a great big heart really and truly does love animals.



MAY CHRISTMAS COME TO EVERY HOME!

Just Pigs

VIOLA COLLINS HOGARTY

E VERY foreigner who lives in Mexico enjoys watching the pigs for they are treated by the average Mexican of the poorer class (the *peon* class) much as we would treat a dog. Their pig is their friend.

In a *peon*'s one-roomed, sod-roofed hut with its dirt floor, the pig is very much at home. He grunts in and out of the *patio* door and mingles in the one room with the chickens, cats and children. He sleeps in a corner of the room if he cares to and feels quite at home.

The Mexican *peon* washes his pig so that its skin and short coarse hair are clean. Piggy looks almost attractive. When necessity forces a *peon* to sell his pig, he washes and brushes it, ties a rope to one hind leg and one fore leg and they start off to walk to market. Piggy is not led; he is driven and guided by the rope on his legs. When pig or the *peon* get tired they sit down by the road. The pig rests its head on the *peon*'s feet or against his knee and both take a nap until ready to go on.

There seems to be a feeling of comradeship between the pig and his owner. The pig leads the way to market with seldom a grunt, for

*The way will be long and the trip will be slow,
To market, to market the piggy must go,
But owner and piggy will rest by the way;
The more piggy's tired, the less he will weigh.*

Christmas Day is one of the happiest, perhaps the very happiest, of all the days in the year for you, isn't it? Why not try to share that happiness with some animal by bringing good cheer into its life? Our pets require not only food and drink but they crave affection.

Another Successful Fair

Women's Auxiliary of Massachusetts S. P.
C. A. Hold Annual Event

THE spacious ballroom of the Copley Plaza Hotel, Boston, was transformed into a colorful bazaar, Wednesday, November 10, on the occasion of the annual Fair of the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Beautiful flowers, tempting foods, delicious confections, attractive gowns and other wearing apparel, novelties in great variety, all these and many other articles were offered for sale for the benefit of the Angell Animal Hospital. Other attractions included a largely attended bridge, a real Indian fortune teller, another soothsayer, and a "grab."

Unusual enthusiasm greeted the introduction by President Edith Washburn Clarke of Arthur Sullivan, reporter on the *Herald*, Bridgeport, Conn., and his Seeing-Eye dog, "Boda." Mr. Sullivan gave a detailed account of the work of the Seeing-Eye dogs in general and of his own Boda in particular. Practical demonstrations were given, showing just how the dog cares for his master. The program included also several songs by Mrs. Mary Nevery.

Mrs. Charles C. Hoyt, first vice-president, was the general chairman of the bazaar. The luncheon was served under the direction of Mrs. Willard C. Bliss, assisted by Mrs. George W. Bentley, Jr., Mrs. Albert Lind, Mrs. George A. Ramlose, Mrs. Harriett B. Fischel, Mrs. Mitchell Allen, Mrs. William G. Cooney, and Miss Wealthie Strauss. The committee in charge of the afternoon bridge was Mrs. Edward C. Brown, chairman, Mrs. Charles Staniek, Mrs. Arthur W. Hurlburt, Mrs. George Suder, Mrs. Francis G. Carreiro, Mrs. David C. Theall, Mrs. Fred W. Rice, Mrs. S. R. Dow, and Miss M. E. Parker.

Other committees were: food table: Mrs. Herbert E. Prescott, chairman, Mrs. William W. Haswell, Mrs. Marie Huntley, Miss Marion Simpson, Mrs. Edward C. Brown, Miss M. E. Parker; household table: Mrs. David C. Theall, chairman, Mrs. Merrill T. Butler, Mrs. Earl B. Richardson, Mrs. Eleanor W. MacKenna, Mrs. Carrie F. Brooks, Mrs. William A. Wheeler; literature: Miss Katherine Walker and Mrs. Christine Walker; candy table: Mrs. Charles F. Rowley, chairman, Miss Alice Rowley, Mrs. Esmond Rowley, Mrs. A. L. Risley; white elephant table: Mrs. Agnes P. Fisher, chairman, Miss Effie M. Lynch; flower table: Mrs. Francis G. Carreiro, chairman, Mrs. Albert T. Galpin, Mrs. Edward K.

Bennett, Mrs. Sally Hillman; fan: Mrs. John A. Dykeman; punch: Mrs. George Ramlose, chairman, Mrs. S. S. Sutcliffe; grabs: Miss Doris Greenlaw, chairman; prophecy booths: Mrs. Frank E. Towne, chairman; decorations: Mrs. George Bentley, Jr., chairman.

The patronesses were: Mrs. Maurice J. Tobin, Mrs. Charles G. Bancroft, Miss Eleonora Sears, Mrs. William J. Underwood, Mrs. Charles Arthur Root, Mrs. Channing Cox, Miss Dorothy Forbes, Mrs. William Cox.

Greenville Humane Society

Congratulations to the Humane Society of Greenville, South Carolina, which opened its new animal shelter and bird sanctuary on November 13 last. This is the first shelter to be opened in South Carolina and one of the few in operation in the South. With some \$1,800 raised during the last two years, the Society has been able to purchase four acres of land, to erect a small house for the caretaker, to install city water and plumbing and build twelve individual dog kennels and three individual cat kennels, and three other buildings to be used respectively for dog kennels and supply room, stray cats, and stable and feed room. In addition, a garage for use of lethal box and a separate kitchen for preparing food for the animals have been erected. All this indicates great faith on the part of the tireless president, Miss J. M. Perry, and her colleagues, that this new venture will be adequately supported. We wish it the greatest possible success.

Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue

Another veteran in the humane work passed to her reward with the death, in San Diego, California, on October 21 last, of Mrs. Rachel C. Hogue. She had been connected with the American Humane Education Society as a field worker for more than a quarter of a century, though during recent years she was obliged to give up her activities due to ill health. She was an able exponent of the humane cause and won many friends wherever she appeared, both in schools and on the public platform. Her field was confined largely to San Diego County, where she was responsible for the organization of a large number of Bands of Mercy. She was a faithful and conscientious worker, and will be remembered gratefully by many who came under her beneficent influence.

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

FORM OF BEQUEST

I give to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property).

IN THE EDITOR'S LIBRARY

CATS AND CATS: GREAT CAT STORIES OF OUR DAY, Frances E. Clarke, compiler.

This is a companion book to Miss Clarke's "Valiant Dogs: Great Dog Stories of Our Day," which came out last year and is being so favorably received by dog lovers. In the new volume the compiler has collected twenty-seven of the outstanding cat tales by recent American and English writers, including such well-known names as Walter A. Dyer, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Lafcadio Hearn, Sisley Huddleston, W. H. Hudson, Sophie Kerr, William Lyon Phelps, Frank Swinnerton, Carl Van Vechten, Charles Dudley Warner and Mary E. Wilkins. Probably nowhere else can be found such an interesting and complete collection of stories relating solely to the cat. Such literature is not anywhere near so voluminous as is that relating to the dog, and in bringing together this remarkable group of feline studies Miss Clarke merits the warm admiration and generous patronage of cat lovers everywhere. The jacket is covered with illustrations of cats in most appealing poses.

341 pp. \$2.50, net. The Macmillan Company, New York.

PHUDD HILL, Alan Devoe.

This collection of essays, from the pen of a contributor to *Our Dumb Animals*, will appeal to those nature lovers who love to stroll leisurely through the woods and fields, taking note of the minute happenings around them. "I Live in the Country," "Tobias (a cat): an Incident," "The Mole," "Two Winter Encounters"—these are a few of the chapter headings. The book has won warm praise from several high literary authorities. John Cowper Powys writes: "It is beautifully and delicately done. . . It is wonderful how deftly, tenderly Alan Devoe catches wandering impressions and sets them down."

153 pp. \$2, net. Julian Messner, Inc., New York.

Finis

"Do you wish the court to understand that you refuse to renew your dog license?"

"Yes, your honor, but—"

"We want no 'buts.' The license has expired."

"Yes, and so has the dog."

—Kablegram

Our Dumb Animals

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TERMS

One dollar per year. Postage free to any part of the world.

All dollar subscriptions sent direct to the office entitle the sender to membership in either of our two Societies.

RATES OF MEMBERSHIP IN

**THE AMERICAN HUMANE EDUCATION SOCIETY
OR THE MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A.**

Active Life	\$100 00	Active Annual	\$10 00
Associate Life	50 00	Associate Annual	5 00
Sustaining	20 00	Annual	1 00
		Children's	\$0.75

Checks and other payments may be sent to ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

Manuscripts should be addressed to the Editor, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

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